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Flip You Off, Send Off

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Flip You Off, Send Off

Victoria Rajkumar

I hope to die on a Monday
And find peace upon a Sunday.
I'd have my tuxedo-colored limousines
Parade down the congested road obnoxiously.
(This one's for you I95)

I am the lady of the hour.
The clock has stopped.
The. Clock. Has. Stopped.

I will travel to faraway lands on Tuesday
And make it home by Friday.
(It's party night, ya know?)
They say the roads belong to the living,
Yet all the drivers are dead.

I am the lady of the hour.
The clock won't move.
The. Clock. Won't. Move.

I'll have regrets on Wednesday,
But it's nothing Thursday won't forgive.
I can taste the oncoming Sunday,
I'm in need of the sugar rush.

I am the lady of the hour.
The clock won't stop.
The. Clock. Won't. Stop.

I'll recover on a Saturday,
A day just for the family.
It's bittersweet with a tinge of stress,
But we were born with rubber-band smiles.
(Say cheese!)

I was the lady of the hour.
The clock had stopped.
The. Clock. Had. Stopped.
(Man, it sure felt that way)

I died upon a Monday
Holding up traffic and borrowed time.
No mortician could paint on satisfaction,
But believe me, it was there.

Death couldn't catch Humor
(Someday!)
Hopefully, I am forgiven on a Sunday.

Macabre Couch

Lo Lei

I am sinking in a soft leather couch, drowning in cold currents
Under a white dry wall ceiling, a dim omnicolored sea
Illuminated by a placid sol, the collected animation from a screen of a
million pixels.
Its surface evermore distant and trivial as the couch carries me further
into the abyss
One arm has my cranium and another, the soles of my feet in a soft grip
I'm taken as an offering, on a valiant journey to nowhere in its unyield
ing grasp
As I plummet like an anchor I wonder
How much blood afforded this?
How much sweat poured from human brows?
This luxury to ignore my surroundings, completely.
And be jerked around by a farce...
As I lay with bloodshot eyes watching a dog kiss a girl in a pink beanie,
I speculate how many hours I have lain wasting in malcontent.